BEDFAST EVERY WINTER; STOMACH TROUBLE GONE

Mershon Found Speedy Relief After 18 Years Suffering.

"I had suffered from stemach trouble for 18 years, and had speet hundreds of dollars doctoring. Every winter I was bedfast most of the time. I commenced taking Milks Emulsion last fail, and before I had taken six bottles my stomach trouble disappeared and I have had no return of it since. This is the first winter in 18 years that I have not been bedfast. I also give Milks Emulsion to the children for croup, with spiendid re-

children for croup, with spiendid results."—Mrs. W. G. Merstess, Brazil, Ind.
Thousands of people who have suffered for years from stomach and bowel troubles, as Mrs. Mersten did, have found the same wonderful relief and lasting benefit from Milks Emulsion.

Milks Emulsion is a pleasent, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy, natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and physics. It promotes appetite and quickly puts the digestive organs in chape to as-similate food. As a builder of ficeh and strength Milks Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whom stekness has weakened, and is a powerful aid in resisting and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly relieved—

usually in one day.

This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with a

spoon like ice cream. No matter how sev No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milks Emulsion under this guarantee—Take six bottles home with you, use it according to directions, and if not satisfied with the results your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. The Miks Emul-sion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold by druggists everywhere.-Adv.

Slight Complication. "We must economize on our table,"

said young Mrs. Torkins. "That should be easy enough."

"Yes. But it must be managed with a little discretion so that Charley won't spend all his money on tunches

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezons costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caltuses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs tittle at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous-right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug !- Adv.

A Needless Remark. "Has your wife a voice?" "She never gave me the elightest ceason to believe the contrary."

WATER WITH ASPIRIN

Bayer Company, who introduced Aspirin in 1900, give proper directions.

The Bayer Company, who introduced Aspirin, tell in their careful directions in each package of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" that to get best results one or two glasses of water should be drank after taking tablets.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Then you are getting the genuine, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proper directions for Colds, Hendache, Toothache, Earache, Neuraigin, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and Pain generally,

Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Draggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicydicacid .- Adv.

A Triple Alibi.

Teacher-Bennie Beanbrough, were you making faces at Herman Hemmandhaw?

Bennie-No, ma'am, I wasa't. "He said you were."

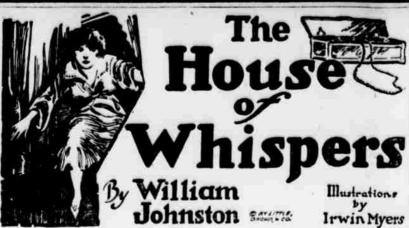
"I wasn't, teacher; you see, I had a tooth pulled and I can't keep my tongue out of the hole, and there is something in my eye and my nose ttches so I have to twitch it."-Youngstown Telegram.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT. When your shoes pinch or your corns and bunions ache get Alien's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the fost-bath. It will take the sting out of corns and bunions and give instant relief to three Aching, Swollen, Tender feet. Soft everywhere, Den's accept any substitute.—Adv.

A Hard World.

"Did you ever feel that the world

was against you?" "Yes; I felt it this morning when slipped on the sidewalk."-Boston Transcript.



A BEAUTIFUL GHOST.

Synopsis.-Spalding Nelson is occupying the apartments of his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston, The Gastons, leaving on a trip, tell him about mysterious noises and "whispers' that have scared them. He becomes acquainted with Barbara Bradford, who lives in the same big building. He instinctively dislikes and distrusts the superintend-ent, Wick. The mysteries in his apartments begin with the disap-pearance of the Gaston pearls from the wall safe. He decides not to call in the police, but to do his own investigating. It is soon evident that someone has access to his rooms. Becoming friendly with Barbara, he learns that her apart-ments are equally mysterious. She ments are equally mysterious. She tells him that several years before her sister Claire, who lives with her, had made a run-away marriage with an adventurer, whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and someone has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford ing the affair from the Bradford apartment and is attempting to blackmail the Bradfords. Nelson takes Miss Kelly, the telephone gift, to dinner with the idea of pumping her. Gorman, a hotel detective, recognizes her as the wife of Lefty Moore, a noted burglar. Nelsofi partiy confides in the detective and arranges to meet him.

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

"You're right about that," I replied, and say, look here. Why can't you meet me somewhere tomorrow afternoon. There are a lot of mysterious things happening in the Granddeck, Maybe you can help me in trying to clear them up."

"It's a date, I'll be in the back room of Jim Connor's place over on Third avenue at three o'clock waiting for

"I'll be there," I said, as I bade him good night.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "Do you know where Lefty Moore's wife lives now?"

I recalled the number she had told me to give the taxi man and repeated it to him, an address way over on East Sixty-second street near the

"I like to know them sort of things," he explained. "In our business you never know when you'll be needing them.'

On my way home, after I left him, I congratulated myself on having made James Gorman's acquaintance, In him I had found a man with police and detective experience. The fact that he held a responsible position with a big hotel ought to be sufficient voucher for his honesty. Of course Miss Bradford must be consulted before I met Gorman the next afternoon. I could hardly tell him my own almost unbelievable experiences without bringing in the attempts to blackmall her sister, Surely Miss Bradford would not object to my plan. We were making such poor headway in solving the mystery ourselves that I was certain she would welcome Gorman's advice.

And would it not be a surprise to Barbara Bradford to learn that a criminal-or at least the wife of a criminal-was employed as a telephone girl in the apartment house? I was hoping that she would be at home and her room when I arrived at the house so that I might signal her and tell her my great news at once.

I let myself into the apartment and without bothering to turn on the lights made my way back toward my own



As the Light Flooded the Room There Was a Suppressed Scream Followed by a Frightened Gasp.

room. As I reached the end of the hall my ears detected a scuffling noise that seemed to come from my quarters. I stopped stock-still and listened breathlessly. Unquestionably there was someone in my room.

I tiptoed softly forward. As I crept along in the darkness, making no sound, I found myself devoutly wishing for some weapon. Of course it might be Barbara, who had entered by means of the ledge to leave some message for me, but if it were not she, I felt certain that I would discover who | mysteries surrounding us.

was at the bottom of the plots against us.

I gained the door without my presence having been discovered. In the dim half-light that came from the open window I could detect a figure standing on a chair apparently feeling along the wall near the ceiling. I recalled with curiosity that it was from that spot that the whispers I had heard had seemed to come.

Inch by inch I edged noiselessly forward, my eyes on the intruder until at last my fingers found the electric light button. As the light flooded the room there was a suppressed scream, followed by a frightened gasp. Th figure on the chair turned quickly an faced me. I saw that it was a woman a badly frightened woman, with he hands clutching at her heart. Almost instantly I recognized her. It was not Barbara Bradford, but her sister. Claire. She was clad in some sort of a dark house gown thrown over her nightgown. Her slippered feet were bare of stockings, and her hair hung in a great braid down her back.

As I stared at her she sprang from the chair and made a rush for the open window. I grabbed for her and though she fought desperately I man aged to hold her fast and to drag her away from the window. After a moment's futile resistance she suddenly collapsed in my arms, moaning in a tense whisper:

"Let me go, please let me go." I placed her in a chair, and still keeping a tight hold on one of her arms, studied her, debating what to do. What desperate motive could have driven this girl to the daring journey across the narrow ledge by which she had gained access to my quarters? Was she, I wondered, once more in the power of that evil exhusband of hers, driven by fear of him to such desperate deeds.

"Let me go," she moaned again. "Not until you tell me what you were doing in my rooms," I answered firmly.

"I did not know there was any one here. I thought the apartment was vacant. I thought the Gastons were away.

"But why did you come?" "I can't tell that," she moaned. "I can't! I can't!"

"You must," I repeated. "I am going to keep you here until you do tell

"You must not keep me here," she said. "I don't want my people to know about my having been here. You look like a gentleman. Please let me go." "Doesn't Barbara-doesn't your sister know you are here?"

At my mention of her sister's name expression of amazement escaped

"Who are you?" she asked excited-"How did you know who I was? "I am a friend of your sister," answered. "She will tell you who I am. You must trust me. I feel I have n right to know what you are doing here. Won't you tell me?"

A strange look came into her eyes and she shook her head.

"You wouldn't understand, I was trying to trace the whispers."

The whispers!" I cried excitedly "You have heard them, too?"

"Often," she said. "I heard them tonight. Mother and Barbara were out to the theater. They seemed to come from near the ceiling in my siser's room. They seemed to vanish in the direction of this room, I thought there was no one here. I decided to creep along the ledge and see if I could trace them."

"And did you succeed?" She shook her head.

"When I first came in this room I could still hear them. They seemed to be coming from up near the ceiling. I got up on a chair and put my ear to the wall to listen. Then they stopped altogether and then-you came in. May I go now-before my mother comes home?"

"On one condition," I answered, "that you tell your sister about your having been here."

"I'll tell her if you wish me to," she replied, "and now, please may I go? Could you let me out of your door? See, I brought a key to our apartment with me. I don't think I dare make that trip across the ledge tonight."

As I escorted her to the door, my mind in a whiri over the events of the evening, I suddenly remembered how important it was that I should see her sister for a long talk before I kept my appointment with Gorman.

"Tell your sister," I said to Claire Bradford as she departed, "that it is imperative that she meet me at luncheon tomorrow. I have news of the utmost importance-news that concerns all of us. Tell her to meet mc at the Astor at one. She must come," "I'll tell her," she replied.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the next evening that I made my astounding discovery, when pure chance led me plump into what both Barbara Bradford and I recognized at once as our first real clue to the

My find came unexpectedly at the end of an exciting day. As may be imagined I slept little in the hours following my unexpected meeting with Claire Bradford in my rooms, coming as it did right on top of Detective Gorman's revelations as to the identity of the telephone girl, Coupled with these circumstances was the fact that if my hopes were realized, Barbara would be within a very few hours lunching with me for the first time.

I just had to see her before I met Gorman. The tale I was to unfold to him was so improbable, so almost unbelievable, that I wanted to go over !t with her step by step, in order to be able to convince the detective that it was the absolute truth.

I could not help but realize how preposterous it would sound in the telling. Mr. Gorman could hardly be blamed for believing that my mind had been inflamed by witnessing too many movie thrillers. Yet I had proof. There were the entries in my greatuncle's diary that I could show. I had the anonymous notes. My story of the strange whispers, if need be, could be confirmed by the old laundress, by Barbara Bradford, yes, and by Claire, too. That is, if the reason Claire had given to account for her presence in my room was the true one. It sounded logical, and yet I did not place the confidence in her that I did in Barbara.

But what I relied on most of all to convince Gorman of the truth of my preposterous tale was his own knowl-



She Shouldn't Have Gone to Your Room. That's Just Like Her, Though."

edge of who the telephone girl was, Just when I had reached the deduction that the band plotting against us must have a coadjutor in the building, he had come forward with the knowledge that pointed toward the person most apt to be involved.

I was pondering it all over in my mind as I left the house to meet Barbara. I was out on the street and just turning the corner when I remembered that I had spent most of the money in my pocket the night before. Retracing my steps, I returned to my apartment and took some bills from their hiding-place in the bookcase. As I emerged into the street again. I became aware that across the street was a man whose appearance seemed vaguely familiar. As I once more turned the corner, walking briskly, I glanced back for a second look at him and was surplsed to see him coming in my direction.

Then all at once my subconscious mind came to my rescue. I realized when it was that I had seen him before and what made his appearance so familiar. As I left the house not ten minutes ago that very same man had been standing across the street. As I had turned back at the corner he had been coming in my direction just as he was now.

He must be following me, trailing ie, shadowing me. I determined to test out my theory. At the next corer I turned sharply, glancing quickly back as I did so. He was still follow ng me, though on the other side of the street and perhaps half a block way. I went a few steps out of sight and then stopped as if to look in a shop window. He came hurrying around the corner an instant later, slowing down as soon as he spotted me again and walked on slowly past me as if not noticing me. I waited until he was some distance beyond and retracing my steps quickly to the ivenue again stopped in the shelter of luilding to light a cigar, purposely wasting a number of matches. In hardly ten seconds he was back, coverty watching me from the other side of he street.

There was no question about it. He was trailing me. But who could be having me shadowed? Certainly he was not in the employ of the Bradfords or of Detective Gorman. Either he must be one of the band of plotters, or-I hated to voice my suspicion, but somehow the thought of my great-uncle Rufus kept obtruding itself. It would be just like the suspicious old miser, if it was he who had planned all this deviment, to put me in a position of trust and then to have me watched night and day. Whoever it was that inspired this

pursuit, I determined to lead my shadow a merry chase. Jumping into a taxi I bade the driver take me to a department store. Looking back I saw the shadow hastily entering another cab. Arrived at my destination I thrust fare and tip into the driver's hand and hurrying Inside managed to catch an elevator just ascending. One flight up I got out and redescended to the main floor by a staircase at the rear, emerging thence on to a side street. A second taxi took me to the Twenty-eighth street subway station, and there, with no sign of my pursuer, I took a train to Times

square and went to the Astor to meet Barbara Bradford, arriving on the dot of one. She was there awaiting me and we quickly found a secluded table in one of the less conspicuous rooms.

"I've told Claire everything." she sald as soon as we were seated. "I hope you're not angry with me."

"Of course not. You had to tell her. I am sorry to have frightened

"She shouldn't have gone to your room. That's just like her, though. She always acts on the spur of the moment. She's awfully worried, too, poor girl."

"We can save her." I said. "Why," she asked quickly, "what

have you learned?" "I was convinced that they must have someone in the house aiding them. I've found out who it is. It's the telephone girl-Nellie Kelly is the name she goes by."

"I can't believe it," cried the girl, shocked at my statement. "She's only a girl like myself. I have talked to her lots of times. I'm certain there's nothing wicked or wrong about her."

"I'm afraid there is," I explained. "I took her out to dinner last night, to the White Room. The house detective, while she was off telephoning, practically ordered me out of the place because I was with her. She's notorious, Her husband is Lefty Moore, a wellknown burglar. He's in Sing Sing now. Detective Gorman arrested him, He ought to know."

"Oh, the poor girl," exclaimed Miss Bradford, tear's welling up in her eyes. "I'm so sorry for her."

"But think of your sister. Think what they are trying to do with Miss Kelly's nid."

"But how do you know she's alding them?"

"I don't know it. But I do know that nobody could pull off all the things that have been happening in the Granddeck without some one there helping them. We've found someone used to helping criminals-a criminal's wife. Isn't that enough? All we need to do now is to watch her closely and fasten the thing on her."

"How are you going to do that?" "That's why I insisted on your coming here today. I am to meet Detective Gorman at three. I feel that he could aid us, and I think we ought to tell him everything."

"Tell the police!" Her face grew white at the thought. "Wouldn't that mean a scandal-the newspapers and all that sort of thing?"

I shook my head decisively. "Gorman's not with the police now. He is employed as a hotel detective. But he is just the man we need to help us. He knows all about criminals and how to track them. With his aid we can quickly clear the whole thing up." "Will you have to tell him every-

thing-about Claire's marriage?" "We've either got to tell him every-

thing or nothing." "Oh, how I wish we did not have to, The more people there are who know about things the more likely they are to become public."

"Yet you trusted me with your sister's secret."

She gave me a quick glance of confidence. "You're different."

"I'm afraid most people would not

agree with you. They would regard me as a worthless, discredited young

fellow out of a job." "But it's not your fault." ."The point is," I went on, "that we have reached a place where we need expert advice. Gorman has fortuitously turned up to give it. The only way

s to tell him everything." For a moment she debated the matter silently, her pretty forehead puckered in thought.

"Yes," she said at last, "I suppose it is the only way. But won't he want a lot of money for his services?"

"I'll attend to that," I answered. 'I'll make my great-uncle reward him handsomely for recovering the Gaston Jewels,"

"If he does." "He must. We've got to get them

back." From her hand-hag she produced he anonymous letters she had received and handed them to me.

"Will you want to show the detective

these?" "Yes, I think I had better. The whole tale sounds so preposterous that I need every bit of corroborative evi-

dence we can muster." For half an hour we 'ingered over the table, discussing all the aspects of the case. Eventually I think I persunded Miss Bradford that the evidence pointed most damningly to the telephone girl as one of the conspirators or at least one of their aides. She was eager to know what plan of action Gorman would advise and as we parted we arranged to be at our adjoining windows at ten that evening in order that we might have another chat.

I found Gorman waiting for me at the place he had mentioned, "I told you that girl was a bad one,"

was his greeting. "What do you mean?" I cried. 'What have you learned about her?"

"Nothing except that the address she gave you last night was phony. The number she gave is the hospital grounds"-he pronounced it "horspital."

"Where does she live, then?" "She's keeping that under cover, She shook the taxi at Fifty-ninth and

Detective Gorman to the rescue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) More fish are eaten by the Japanese than by any other nation.

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GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OU

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains re-sulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every bea



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ALL HEALED

"Here is another letter that makes me happy," says Peterson, of Buffalc. "One that I would rather have than a thousand dollars.

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a large box."

Dear Sirs:—
"I was an untold sufferer from old running sore and ulcers. I had tried most everything without any relief from pain. A friend told me of your wonderful ointment and the first box took away the pain that had not left me before in years, and after using just nine dollars' worth of the salve I am cured. The ulcer was inches by 6½ inches, is all healed and I can walk. Never, never will I be without Peterson's again.

"You may use this to recommend your

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